

THE LIGUORIAN



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"Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that much of the reading matter that is so freely admitted into our homes is fraught with more danger to the soul of the child than the most virulent diseases are with danger to its physical health. Modern science and efficient public control teach us to guard the bodies of children from sickness and danger of death. The conscience of Christian parents should teach them to be equally vigilant when there is danger of the death of the soul of the child."

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. X.

AUGUST 1922

No. 8

Always With You

I take my leave with sorrow of Him I love so well.
I look my last upon His small and radiant prison cell.
O happy lamp! to serve Him with never-ceasing light;
O happy flame! to tremble forever in His sight!

I leave the holy quiet for the lonely human train
And my heart that He has breathed upon is filled with lonely pain.
O King, O Friend, O Lover! what sorer grief can be,
In all the reddest depths of hell, than banishment from Thee?

But from my windows, as I speed across the sleeping land,
I see the towns and villages wherein His houses stand.
Above the roofs I see a cross outlined against the night,
And I know that there my Lover dwells in His sacramental might.

Dominions kneel before Him, and Powers kiss His feet,
Yet for me He keeps His weary watch in the turmoil of the street.
The King of Kings awaits me wherever I may go,—
O who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so!

—Joyce Kilmer.

Father Tim Casey

HOW THE SAINTS SCOWLED AT HIM

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

Father Timothy Casey, sitting alone in his study over the morning mail, was indulging in one of the favorite "Indoor Sports" of the clergy—criticising a circular letter from his bishop. Needless to say, he would, with the soldiery obedience characteristic of the Catholic priesthood, carry out to the letter the directions of his ecclesiastical superior. Then who are we that we should deny him the human consolation of a bit of innocent criticism! What is it but a safety valve provided by a kind and understanding Providence whereby we give harmless vent to our natural displeasure when anything threatens to turn us aside even a hair's breadth from the course mapped out by our own sweet will? The student makes use of it when he sees the dean's announcement on the bulletin board; the salesman indulges in it when he opens a letter from the firm; the railway man has recourse to it when he reads the rules of the management; the officer consoles himself with it when he receives an order from headquarters. True, there have been men who schooled themselves to say, *Deo Gratias* instead of criticising the orders of their superiors—but they were saints, and good Father Casey, though striving more or less consistently after sanctity, was not yet a saint.

The letter from the bishop read: "Dear Rev. Father: The collection for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese on the first Sunday of the coming month. You will please urge your people to be more than ordinarily generous this year. The cause must have a strong appeal for every Catholic that is really grateful for the great gift of the one true faith. Remind them that the foreign missions have suffered pitifully as a result of the world war. The heroic men and women who have sacrificed all to labor for the conversion of the pagan, are in need of the bare necessities of life. They can expect but scant assistance from the poverty stricken countries of Europe which were formerly their most generous benefactors. Therefore we in America should come to their aid to the utmost limit of our power. We share with them the obligation of bringing the light of the Gospel to those that sit in

the darkness and the shadow of death. Though we have not had the courage, like these brave souls, to go in person to distant heathen lands, it would be a crime for us to dwell in the midst of plenty while they perish for want of food and shelter which we could so easily supply. There never was a time when the pagans were so ready to listen to the truth. The fields are white for the harvest. The crying need of the hour is money to train and support the reapers who are willing and anxious to enter upon their holy task.

"The queen of works instituted in the Church to provide for the financing of the missions is the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The aim and object of the Society is to help by prayer and alms the Catholic missionaries who go to bring the faith and civilization to the infidels. The prayers to be recited daily are the Our Father and the Hail Mary together with the invocation, St. Francis Xaxier, pray for us. The offering for Ordinary Members is five cents a month or sixty cents a year, and for Perpetual Members, forty dollars. Members receive the countless extraordinary indulgences with which Holy Church has enriched the Society, and they share in thousands of Masses offered daily by holy missionaries in all parts of the world. It is my wish that every adult Catholic in the diocese become a member of the Society, etc., etc."

"What, another collection!" cried the good pastor, throwing down the letter. "Does His Lordship think the people are made of money!—that they have only to shake a bush to see silver dollars come rattling down! First it's a collection for this and then a collection for that! 'Tis a wonder the good people come to Mass at all! If every Sunday is taken up with an extraordinary collection of some kind or other, how am I ever to pay the debt or put up that addition to the school or—or tear down this old barn of a rectory and build a house fit for a priest to live in!" Then he suddenly stopped in the midst of his tirade; for as he looked about the cosey room lined with books and supplied with comfortable, if old-fashioned, furniture, the thought struck him: "Wouldn't a missionary in China or Central Africa consider this rectory short of a palace?"

That was a disconcerting thought. It would take all the "punch" out of his anger. He must get away from it. He hurried out of the house and with a few brisk strides reached the front door of the church. In the vestibule he came upon a little old woman making a few parting dabs at her eyes with a wet handkerchief before venturing

out under the supercilious gaze of an unsympathetic world. Futile task! The tears kept flowing down her wrinkled cheeks faster than she could dry them. But why the tears? There was no sadness in her countenance, rather a fullness, I might almost say, an ecstasy, of joy. Evidently the puzzle was no puzzle to Father Casey, for the moment he caught sight of her, he cried:

"Oho, Mrs. O'Hearn! You've had another letter from Kathleen, and you've been in here telling all about it to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother."

"Blessed be His Name this day! Who am I a poor sinner, that He should give me such a saint for a daughter!"

"What does she say? Haven't the heathens eaten her up?"

"I have her letter here, Father Tim, asthore. Mebbe you wouldn't mind readin' it to me. Me eyes are wake, an' it's how I might have missed some of it. Let me see, what does she say there now in—in the first page a little beyant the beginning." And she fished out from her old black velvet hand bag a letter with a Chinese stamp on it and handed it to the priest as reverently and lovingly as though it had been a relic of the True Cross.

Father Casey took the tear stained letter which he was sure she already knew by heart and read it aloud that the devoted mother might have the joy of listening to each word and syllable. She made him repeat almost every sentence and punctuated it with the pious ejaculations of her fond Irish heart.

"Dearest Mother," so the letter ran. "How I wish you were here to see my class of little Chinese girls; They are the dearest, sweetest children God ever created. They are going to make their First Holy Communion on the thirtieth of next month. You will have this letter before that time, and won't you, Mother dear, join me in a novena for them that Our Blessed Lord may prepare their little hearts well to be a worthy resting place for Himself.

"We had a treat last month—in the spiritual sense, I mean—we were all down with the fever. Don't they always tell us that crosses are presents from Our Dear Lord? I know this fever was a cross—I was sure of that before I had it an hour! And so, you see I am right when I say Our Lord sent us a treat. If we bore our sufferings patiently—as I hope we tried to do—maybe we gained the grace of conversion for some of these poor pagans. And sure that is the reason why we came here. I understand that after one has lived here for

several years and has grown used to the climate, one is less subject to these fevers. There is comfort in that—unless we turn out to be like Pat's horse. Pat thought he would train the beast to get on without eating and thereby save expenses. He said the horse was just beginning to get used to it when he died!!!

"We were expecting another treat which failed to come. The Bishop thought he was going to get a few hundred dollars from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to fix up our house. Well, instead he got a letter saying that funds were so scarce and the demands were so many that they could not send it. As a result we shall have to spend another rainy season in this 'palace' which has straw for a roof and bamboo sticks for walls. I don't mind that so much, but Oh Mother, there are horrid things like big rats that sometimes come in here to get out of the wet, and I don't like them at all. I thought I was a wonderfully brave missionary sister until the other night when one of these brutes squeezed in between the bamboo sticks. To me it looked as big as an elephant. True, the Bishop got a little money for us, but so many of our dear Chinese were hungry that we gave it all away. What else could we do? We must not let them leave us and go for help to the Protestant missionaries who are always getting loads of money from America. You know when people are hungry—and our poor Chinese are still new in the faith . . ."

And so she rattled on, this delicate girl, who had been the gayest in the parish until the day she gave up her position and went away to join the sisters and prepare for the foreign missions. While he read the letter, the good priest felt uncomfortable. These courageous souls! How they could laugh and joke in the midst of their hardships! They had sacrificed all that is dear to the human heart in order to spread the light of the Gospel, and here the laggards who stayed at home were living in comfort while they were suffering for want of the necessities of life.

He started up the aisle and then walked over to the shrine of St. Francis Xavier to right an overturned vase.

"See here, St. Francis," he said, "don't look at me like that. I didn't say I wouldn't take up that collection. I was just grumbling a little, but I didn't mean a word of it—you know I didn't. We St. Mary's people are not rich, but we are willing to do our bit for the conversion of the pagans,—even if we do have to give up some of the

things we had our heart set on. Maybe we forget; but we are willing to do our duty when we are reminded of it."

"And St. Patrick and St. Boniface and St. Peter and St. Paul and his own sainted patron, Timothy—"why," he said, "it looks as though all the saints were missionaries! I wonder if they are angry with me for my tirade about the collection for the Propagation of the Faith." He said a little prayer, by way of reconciliation, to each as he passed before his statue. "Big men with broad vision," he mused. "If they had been satisfied with a little parish and a snug existence in their home town and had begrudged every contribution that went out for the 'foreign missions', where should we be today? Bowing down before some pagan idol, probably."

And when he knelt before the Tabernacle his thoughts went back to an humble home, in a far off land where a Mother with the true missionary spirit lived with her growing Son. Never did mother love her son as she loved Him, and never was son so worthy of love.— But there were souls to be saved. Not for one moment did this missionary Mother weigh the comforts and joys of home life against the price of an immortal soul. When the hour came for her Son to answer His Father's call and go forth upon His missionary career, she pressed Him to her breaking heart, blessed Him, and bade Him go, though she knew full well that she was sending Him out to meet criticism and ingratitude and envy and hatred, though she clearly saw that his missionary journeys would end in the Way of the Cross and the Crucifixion . . .

Needless to say, when Father Casey announced the collection the following Sunday his burning words stirred to their depths every heart in St. Mary's parish and moved them to give to the very limit of their power for the conversion of the pagan world. He took as his text those words from the letter of Benedict XV, which might well be called the dying appeal of the saintly Pontiff to his faithful children: "We wish Catholics to assist liberally those holy works organized for the support of the missions. . . . We are confident that while immense sums are being expended for the dissemination of error, the Catholic world will not permit those who plant the truth to struggle with adversity."

No man becomes great by accident. A man gets what he pays for in character, in work and in energy.

The Paths of Light

BISHOP ALFRED A. CURTIS, D. D.: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

"The dangerous path" proved to be the path of light. Mr. Curtis actually gave up his charge in order to make a trip to Europe, where he hoped to consult the great lights of Anglicanism. Before his departure he once more wrote to Bishop Whittingham to explain his state of mind most definitely. He mentions incidentally the two things that first brought Rome into the horizon of his thoughts.

THE WORLD SHALL HATE YOU.

The first of these factors, strange to say, would have seemed to be the most unlikely. It was the hatred of everything Roman which he found among Episcopalians, and preeminently in the Bishop as an exponent of the system. He says:

"But as time went on I was constrained to assent to things known to be extremely repugnant to you. One of those things was the goodness of the Roman Communion and the unreasonableness and wickedness of the hostility with which that communion is by almost all Anglicans regarded. We, claiming to be merely one of the coordinate branches of the Church, I saw that we had no right to denounce, condemn, hate and vilify a body in antiquity at least equalling, and in size far transcending our own Communion . . . And when I had learned to recognize practically the coordinacy with us of the Church of the Roman Communion, I began to draw apart from you and to close my mind to you, because (you must excuse me for saying it) I know few who dislike Rome as intensely as you dislike her, and I know none less capable of doing her justice. I could not agree with you, because I stood too much in awe of you, and because I knew you to be totally impervious to anything whatever meant to make you think more favorably of *Romanism*. Neither could I play the hypocrite and leave you to infer from my silence that I had accepted, when in fact I totally repudiated, the dire things which upon the very slightest provocation I knew you to be ever ready to utter against Rome.

Probably there came to his mind involuntarily the promise of Our Lord to his Church: "As they have despised me so will they despise you."

A BIT OF RIDICULE AND ITS RESULT.

One incident in particular almost brought a crisis and his conversion. Curtis tells of it in the letter:

"A single fact will sufficiently illustrate what I am saying. I went into your study some time ago for a specific purpose, meaning to come out the moment my business had been transacted. My errand had been discharged and I was coming away when with great glee you stopped me and took me aside to show me—what? A wretched picture wherein His Holiness Pius IX was seated, blowing soap bubbles; Cardinal Antonelli standing at his side and holding the vessels whence the bubbles were blown. The bubbles were each labelled: 'Major Excommunications!' I looked with sickness of soul at this fearful caricature, and yet such was my awe of you that I even smiled, asked questions, and without doubt, on the whole, so behaved as to leave on your mind the impression that the Pope's 'Excommunication' was almost as much of a joke to me as to you.

"I went out feeling fiercely angry with myself and profoundly disgusted with you, and with the whole system of which you were a fair exponent. Had I been brave enough I should that every evening have renounced you and Anglicanism. A Bishop shaking his sides with laughter, when by the profane of the profane, the Primate of all Christendom is caricatured. A Bishop making merry when seeing an excommunication, at least as valid as his own, compared to a soap-bubble."

THE LAST BLOW.

The last straw was the convention and Pastoral charge spoken of above. Its doctrine on the Eucharist—wide enough to embrace a denial of Real Presence or an affirmation of it—but denouncing adoration of it—perfectly unsettled him.

"It gave me my death-blow," he writes. "It made me once for all see that I could no longer go on balancing myself between the Roman and Anglican Communions, but that I must choose the one and disallow the other. For years I honestly tried to believe in both, and to render allegiance to both. But when the Pastoral came under my eyes, I felt in my soul, though I did not at once clearly acknowledge to myself, that I must set my house in order and die to the Anglican Communion."

Those who reject the Church like to describe her as a corruption

of Christ's institution; their eyes are turned back to the dawn: back to the Primitive Church, they cry. And so did Bishop Whittingham appeal to the Primitive Church. The fallacy of the argument now strikes Curtis:

THE CRUMBLING SUPPORTS.

"I should have asked you," he says, "to name the precise point where the line is to be drawn between the Church primitive and pure, and the Church older and corrupt. When you had named this point, I would have asked you by what authority the same point had been given the preference over other points."

"Again," he continues, "I should have said, granting your line is properly drawn, yet how are we to study fully and exactly the period which we have agreed to consider pure? We have but the merest fragments of the devotions, the discipline and the teaching of early times. Much has perished. Much was never written at all. How know we then that the fragments in our hands are a sufficient clue to the mind of the Primitive Church? Further, how know we that we are at all likely to put a right interpretation upon these same fragments?"

But the argument totters altogether under the last suggestion of downright common-sense. He could not miss its force.

"Lastly," he concludes this consideration, "what particular concern have we of the nineteenth century with the Primitive Church. . . . The Church of the nineteenth century must teach the people of that century. And if there has been a Church at all, there is a Church now, just as plain and infallible in its teaching as was the Church even under the Twelve Apostles. And if the Church of the nineteenth century is so corrupt as to be unworthy of credence, neither is there any good reason for believing the Primitive Church. For, if the Primitive Church taught truth, it did so by virtue of the indwelling therein of God the Holy Ghost and if that indwelling ever was a fact, it is a fact still and so will remain till the end of time. Thus then I would have disposed of your appeal to the Primitive Church."

What he had, by his study of history been forced to think of the so-called Reformers, is clear enough from his emphatic words:

"I do not think you would have appealed to the reformers, and therefore it is not necessary to say that no reformer has any weight whatever with me."

One objection remained. He puts it in the Bishop's mouth thus: "But you would perhaps have attempted to prove it impossible that the Roman Communion can be what it claims to be."

"I should have told you you were wasting your labor," he replies decisively . . . "In proving Rome anti-Catholic, you were to me proving that there is not and never has been any such thing as a Catholic Church, and that Christianity in consequence is simply a mockery, a delusion and a snare. For if so much of Christendom as is contained in the Roman Communion has become apostate in spite of Apostolical descent, in spite of the Sacred Scriptures, in spite of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, none of which things are denied by any of the Roman obedience, then how can it be shown that the much smaller part of Christendom, which Anglicanism constitutes, has not also become apostate? No promises were made peculiarly to us, we have no choicer Scriptures, no better Sacraments, no more ancient descent, and no fuller indwelling of the Spirit . . . So then all attacks upon Rome would have been worse than useless. They might have driven me a step nearer infidelity, but they would have made me think no whit better of the Anglican Communion."

Then he reveals the cry of every heart sick with the shifting and vagueness of the Anglican system:

"I am tired to death of uncertainty. I am sick of self-will. . . . I must find a living, speaking, infallible authority to which to submit, or else I must disregard Christianity as a miserable sham."

In the course of this letter he also reveals his disgust at Protestant propagandism as carried on in various Catholic countries.

THE LAST HOPE.

Why did he not turn to Rome at once, as this reasoning, solid, logical, emphatic, would almost make us expect. He explains the enigma:

"It was my purpose to have sent you with this my renunciation, but as pleasing others, I have determined to go abroad for awhile and make my submission there to the Chair of St. Peter, if, after consulting with some whom I have promised to consult, my mind is still to the effect that Anglicanism is spurious and that the Roman obedience is alone entitled to my allegiance. I have thought the making my submission abroad might spare you as well as my other friends."

A CURIOUS MISUNDERSTANDING.

Curtis' letters, stamped with his character, make us feel instinctively that he must have been an exceptionally noble, unselfish, steadfast man. We can hardly, in the face of this, understand the Bishop's misreading of his character. Thus the Bishop says:

"I have read practically every word of your long letter. Most distressing is the conviction it forces on me that for years I have been simply trusting a man who was abusing my confidence, for the maintenance of relations which he knew himself to be wronging."

A mere glance at the letters show the falsity of this charge. Still more unjust are the other charges the Bishop makes. He accuses Curtis of "self-opinionated pride."

"How else," he writes with more bitterness than reason, "could you rely on the infallibility of your own decision in favor of the unscriptural, uncatholic, unprimitive, uncanonical claims of the arch-schismatic (the Pope) who blasphemously usurps divine vice-gerency in the Roman See and imagine that you were thereby getting relief from distractions of your own creating, in the comfortable committal of your own intellect and conscience to the disposition of a human infallible authority."

This ended the correspondence. Mr. Curtis must have felt that when argument is answered with invective and condemnation there is no need of reply.

THE PILLARS OF ANGLICANISM.

He set out on his proposed journey to England, and at once directed his steps to Oxford—the center of Anglicanism. Here he interviewed the foremost representatives of the Anglican Church, placing before them the difficulties that unsettled his religious views and had brought him squarely to the gate of Rome. From his letters we learn unfortunately only the issue; the discussions are merely hinted at.

Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon could not at first be seen. Canon Liddon referred him to Dr. Burgon of Oxford. This is the outcome:

"The Doctor scolded me very severely, but I cared so little for his scolding that I was not even tempted to retort in kind. I can, I am sure, do without a definite religion of any kind, but if I am to have a definite religion at all, it must be more consistent than Dr. Burgon's, or else I prefer to dispense with it altogether."

Dr. Pusey was too much engaged to "take up anything new". Several other Doctors whom he saw, were equally unsatisfactory. There remained still Canon Liddon.

"He is a man of an entirely different kind," writes Mr. Curtis after the meeting,—“very lovable and very clearheaded and fair-minded. Could I think it right to follow anyone implicitly, I should, I think, select him as my guide. We had two long conferences and ventilated things very carefully.”

So the prospects seemed good that his difficulties would be swept away. Yet, Curtis is forced to say: “The result was that I could not consent to acquiesce in his conclusions.”

“He sees,” wrote Curtis, “and deploras all I see and deplore. He recognizes the errors and dissensions among us. He sees that almost all authority is against us, and that, as resting on our own judgment, we must, to maintain ourselves at all, resist authority. In all this and much more to the same purport, we were at one. But here we diverge.”

The Canon was willing to die where he was, because he thought Rome's position no better. Not so Curtis. He was, at least, determined to examine the claims of the Roman Communion. “I am not willing to believe this, until I have proven it a fact.”

Since it was impossible to see Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon had not satisfied him, Alfred Curtis felt he had kept his promise made to friends in America. He now turned to Dr. Newman (afterward Cardinal), the distinguished convert.

ONE WHO HAD FOUND PEACE.

He expected a great deal from Doctor Newman. “The Doctor must meet me fairly and convince me fairly or he shall not convince me at all. He must recognize facts and account for facts, for I shall not in the least shut my eyes to these facts. I know he is without guile and I am sure too of the clearness of his head and of the soundness of his logic.”

He met Father Newman for the first time just as he finished his thanksgiving after Mass. The first words spoken by the Doctor after a cordial greeting were:

“My young man, have you breakfasted? If not come with me to the refectory, after that I will listen to all you have to tell me.”

They then had their first interview. It was long and interesting.

At the end, the Doctor handed Mr. Curtis two books and said:

"Read these if you like; but pray and pray; nothing will help you more than humble prayer; and come to me whenever you will,—I am at your disposal."

(To be continued)

A BOOK AND A VOCATION

Alfred O'Rahilly, in his life of Father William Doyle, S. J., gives the following account of how he came to recognize his vocation. "Willie" had a brother, Charlie by name, in the Jesuit Novitiate and went to visit him. One day during the visit the subject of Willie's vocation came up for discussion. Charlie knew that Willie was going to be a priest. But was it a secular or a religious?

"I hope soon to enter Clonliffe (to become a secular)," said Willie.

"Did you ever think of entering the religious life?" asked his brother.

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. "I have always wanted to fill the gap left by Fred's death, and to become a secular priest."

"But do you know anything about the religious state?" persisted the zealous novice.

"No, nothing," said Willie, "but in any case I would never come to this hole of a place!"

This led to an animated discussion concerning religious orders and the Society of Jesus in particular. Willie was so far shaken as to accept a copy of St. Alphonsus Liguori's work on the Religious State, with a promise to read and to think over it. The sequel can be told in Willie's own words:

"On Christmas day I was alone in the drawing room when father came in and asked me if I had yet made up my mind as to my future career. I answered 'Yes'—that I had intended to become a Jesuit. I remember how I played my joy and happiness into the piano after thus giving myself openly to Jesus."

He entered the Society three months later and died in it with the reputation of a saint.

As someone has well said: the only difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is in the way you use them. So watch your step.

The Lure

A STORY OF THE GILDED WAY

J. W. BRENNAN, C. SS. R.

- Lure: n.—1. A device resembling a bird and sometimes baited with food: 'fastened to a falconer's wrist and used to recall the hawk.
2. In angling, an artificial bait.
 3. Anything that invites by the prospect of advantage or pleasure.

Standard Dictionary.

Time was when the evening train travelling eastward from St. Louis over the B. & O. Railroad was the pet topic of every witty salesman along the line. But the increased price of milk gradually drew more respectful attention to the means of transporting that commodity till the notoriously slow 5:25 attained the dignity of an "All-Pullman". Not that the train worried. It had no blushes to be aroused by words of sarcastic blame; its pace was never quickened by words of flattery. Every evening at the same fraction of the hour, the giant engine pulling its long row of baggage cars loaded with empty milk-cans and its still longer row of plebeian day-coaches laden with its list of regular clients, issued from the Union Depot as though loath to depart, ambled leisurely over the bridge to East St. Louis and began its unhurried journey over the meadows of Illinois to Cincinnati. And its Saturday evening clients though numerous were varied. Women holding infants in one arm and the results of a day's shopping in the others, business-men who believed in leaving their work and its worries behind them, clerks and stenographers tired of office routine, with a fair sprinkling of other types whom Dickens, if he lived today, might have been tempted to call flappers, cake-eaters or finale-hoppers. It is a cosmopolitan and a democratic train,—always was; and its progress was made in the same leisurely, halting way as on the day it made its first run, only now there were more stops:—the number of milk-stations had increased.

Summervale had been the latest town to be honored as a "stop"; and immediately the Harvey farm stepped into prominence. The Harveys were an old family of farmers,—three generations were

represented within the county. They had stuck to the soil for years,—unlike the families of many around them. But to Barney Harvey the farm was beginning to lose its attraction. Each evening as he finished his chores, he would pause and look over the meadows to the West. Each evening his eye lighted up with an indescribable feeling of hope mingled with longing, as the familiar dusky cloud broken through the distant woods, and the accompanying train was silhouetted against the sunset. It spoke of regions beyond, where progress and industry and wealth were in abundance; where days were crowded with restless activity and nights divided between pleasure and rest; where the dull, monotonous round of farm labor could be exchanged for exhilarating effort followed by speedy and certain success.

One evening in June after a particularly hot and laborious day, he hurried through the most urgent chores; then leaving the rest, he strolled down to the tracks. Other trains there were aplenty,—rushing, roaring monsters whirling by with a deafening scream and roar; but this one train with its silent message at the close of day was his favorite. He would view it close up.

While it stopped, then backed slowly till the right car was opposite the platform, the eyes of the curious passengers surveyed the town. The main street was parallel to the tracks, a grassy lawn extending almost to the road-bed. There were only a few stores, the rest of the buildings were modest dwellings, shaded by trees and surrounded by lawns, shrubbery and flowers. A few loungers stared idly at the train,—nothing unusual in this. But the passengers' attention was soon arrested by the handsome young man with sun-burned, clear-cut features. Even the brown service hat,—a souvenir of army days, could not conceal the strong outline of his features, while the blue undershirt and the well-worn faded overalls only accentuated his erect, well-knit figure.

Barney, unconscious of the many eyes concentrated on him, examined the structure of the car in front of him. He felt ashamed of himself,—he had lived all these years so close to this marvel of modern invention, and had never bothered about it before. If this was so wonderful,—this steel palace that moved on wheels carrying tears and gladness hither and yon, what must be the wonder-place from which it came! The clang of a milk-can which slipped from the platform caused him to jump. A light laugh almost overhead gave him another start.

He looked up to the car-window and found two pair of laughing eyes gazing at him. Above them and around them were curls of bobbed hair. Beneath them were faces unnaturally white,—evidence of lavish use of a vanishing cream that refused to vanish and of a liberal after-application of the powder-puff,—and cheeks tinted with an unnatural blush. Barney, though entering on his 20th year, had not met many girls, and those he had met had never held any attraction for him.

"Oh, Liz,—isn't he the real cat's meow," giggled one of them.

"You said it, Tilly. Look at those overalls!"—She laughed loudly.

"Just the same, Liz,—he's a mighty good looker. Wouldn't he screen splendidly?"

"Hm, you bet! In some swell comedy!" Thereupon they had a giggling duel.

Barney blushed,—then looked up at his tormentors. They too were from that mysterious beyond. In his generosity he felt that it was only teasing,—he failed absolutely to recognize the attempt at a flirtation. But they were laughing at him,—his country dress and his country ways. The train started with a jerk,—glided into swifter motion and was gone, leaving the girls' parting message floating in the air—"so long, country boy. Behave yourself!"

Barney went through the rest of his chores in a desultory fashion. The old familiar duties had become trivial, disgusting. The farm itself typified slavery.—A new feeling possessed him, an unconquerable desire to move, to get away from this unbearable sameness, to go away,—off to the West to that place from which the train came, to the place where he could learn to equip and carry himself so that he would no longer be an object of ridicule,—to the City, wherever it was, where he could win real success and be up-to-date! Suddenly the thought struck him—"Why not go? There was plenty of help on the farm. He would go,—tomorrow, if possible!"

A germ had begun to propagate itself in Barney's mind,—the germ that once fully developed sows its results in the disease called the Wanderlust.

II.

The departure was not as easy as Barney had imagined it would be. When he mentioned his proposition to his father, the bent, weather-beaten old man simply looked out over his fields where the vast acres

of golden wheat were swaying gently and the interspersed squares of nearly ripe corn nodded in the breeze. He said nothing; his care-worn face registered no change of emotion, but his active mind functioned at top speed. The time he had long dreaded had come; his son was pronouncing his Declaration of Independence. Barney watched him closely and as the silence grew oppressive, finally began to fidget. At last his father spoke.

"Go ahead, son, if you want to. All these years, I've dreamed of dividing this farm,—one of the best in the state, if I do say it myself,—between yourself and your brothers and sisters. There is plenty for all of you, the stock is good and the machinery is up to date in every way. But you want to try the city; go ahead. I'll not ask your reasons, but I do want you to think the matter over."

"I've done it, Dad,—I want to go. I feel it is best. This farm life is all right, if you are made for it." His father looked at him sharply.

"So you think you are not made for it! Perhaps, you are above it!" A shade of sarcasm mingled with bitterness was noticeable in his words.

"Not that,—not that exactly, Dad,—but—." His faltering voice showed that his father had touched the real explanation. The old man's face broke into a smile, for a great idea had come to him. After all, this son of his was good, and more than that, ambitious; only the finishing touches of the school of experience were yet needed to make him a full fledged man.

"But you want to go,—to try city life at any rate," continued Mr. Harvey. "You think it holds out better chances for you, don't you? You think that wealth and happiness can come more quickly there than here? Eh? You never saw the city,—you don't know nothin' about it, except what you've seen in books and the movies,—damn 'em; and yet you want to swap what you have and know for what you ain't got and don't know." He spoke quietly save when he referred to the moving pictures. Barney stiffened.

"The books and movies got nothin' to do with it, Dad. I can do better away from the farm than on it,— and besides,—." But he did not care to mention the incident at the train.

"Well?" The old man scrutinized him sharply. He realized how ill at ease his son must feel; and he rejoiced secretly. Barney hung his head, scratched the ground with the toe of his big boot,—and said

nothing. But if he had been in doubt before, his mind was stubbornly made up now.

"Go ahead, son," said his father, breaking the suspense. "But one thing, I want clear. I'll not allow you the share of the farm that is yours. At least not now. We ain't agoing to have no prodigal sons round here. I want you to give the City a fair trial, if you go at all.—No, keep still a minute." He checked his son's effort to speak. "I'll give you just enough money to get you to St. Louis or Chicago, whichever you want; and just enough to keep you in board and lodging a week. After that you must do the rest yourself,—then if you fail—"

"I'll not fail, Dad. I can work—"

"I know: I know, you can work. If you wish, I'll even give you a recommendation,—as a farmhand." He chuckled; Barney looked up angrily; but his father seemed unconscious of this.

"Then if you find things don't pan out according to your calculations,—the farm is still here. That's more than awaits the couple of hundred other ambitious chaps that you will see. And boy,—mind this,—the farmer of today is the independent man of today and to morrow!"

"Thanks, Dad," answered Barney as he stooped to knock the lumps of mud from his boots. But his tone said louder than words,—"No farm for me; I'm out to make good. Just watch me."

"When are you going?" Mr. Harvey was strangely placid about the affair now.

"As soon as I can,—tomorrow if you let me."

"Tomorrow it is, then,—and where?"

"St. Louis." It was the only city that Barney knew much about.

"Better pack up then. After supper if you want to say good-bye to your friends you'll have time to run around to them in the Ford."

"Never mind that; I'll just pack up a few things." His father almost laughed out loud. "Guess I'll just slip off, the sooner, the better."

"Amen!" responded Mr. Harvey fervently, and then swung on his heel to enter the house, muttering as he went, "It'll take a mighty hard bump or two to knock some sense into that fool's head; but it's the only way."

The early train received one passenger at Summervale, a neatly dressed young man with the latest style provided in Sears and Roebuck's catalogue. A straw hat of last year's vintage adorned his head,

an uncomfortably stiff collar encased his neck. His few belongings,—all that his blind optimism urged him to carry, were in an old but serviceable suitcase. He would be a la mode "or bust."

A big lump filled his throat as he waved farewell to his father and brothers; and the tears would come to his eyes in spite of him as he watched the old familiar land marks fade away in the distance. But it was his first trip on a railroad and its novelties soon put an end to these first traces of homesickness. Never before had he realized how big the world really was; he began to wonder where lay the final border of that interminable carpet of grain and grass and grove that stretched out to the skyline. But the final surprise came when the train dragged slowly into East St. Louis. The acres of farm land had given place to acres of freight cars, stretched out in long lines as far as he could see. And where there were no freight cars, there were immense buildings with huge smoke stacks belching forth smoke. Off in the distance he could see the spans of what looked like a bridge. He wished the train would stop an hour or so in order to get a complete view of all these wonders. Suddenly there was a roar in his ear; a gust of hot air struck him in the face, and he fell back in his seat. Then he blushed as he saw that it was only another train flying by them in the opposite direction.

In a few minutes they were passing over the Mississippi; he knew that much from his geography. Now there were acres and acres of water to be wondered at; and off in the distance, miles and miles of buildings, some of them seemed to reach to the very sky. The very vastness of it all filled him with amazement and at the same time created a slight fear that perhaps after all, his venture would be too much for him. Then came the final spurt through the tunnel, and the entrance into the Union Station, and Barney Harvey's career had begun.

His first attempt at acquiring work brought startling results. After making inquiries of a policeman, he found himself headed in the direction of an employment bureau. But when he drew near the place, after a series of what seemed to him to be miraculous escapes from death by automobile and streetcar, he was met by a young man, carrying a small club under his arm. He seemed genial so Barney addressed him.

Could you tell me where the place is for hiring men?"

"Huh? So you're one of them strike-breakers we're looking for?"

You're kinda early; but we're on the job, see! Better clear out or be cleared out. We don't want no scabs taking away our jobs. If you want a job, go get one; but you ain't going to get ours. Beat it while the beatin's good." Barney did not know that the railroad shopmen were on strike; but still he thought the advice was good; and while continuing on his way down Market Street, firmly resolved to give all employment agencies a wide berth.

Noon found him buying lunch in a cheap restaurant; with a score of hungry ill clad men hanging around the front window. Evening came with Barney still out of work, but with a room rented in one of the city's cheap hotels. He did not know where to go; and the encounter of the morning had discouraged further inquiry. But he was not downhearted; he was learning fast.

After supper, he went out for a walk; carefully taking notice of the streets as he went. The sight of the crowds of people, the splendidly decorated store-windows and the multitude of automobiles was an education in itself. After an hour's walk, aided by a little city directory he had purchased, he found himself on the Eads Bridge. He followed the straggling line of pedestrians out to the middle, then stopped to survey the beautiful panorama spread out before him. The long lines of lights marking the Free Bridge; the glow of the city lights gleaming like a burst of the Aurora Borealis that he had sometimes seen in the winter time; and above all the gaily decorated excursion boat almost at his feet, held him entranced. A husky voice at his elbow broke the reverie.

"Say, buddy, got a match?" He looked at the speaker; a short, poorly clad fellow with a slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes. Even that however, failed to conceal the hollow, unshaved cheeks. Barney gave him a match and watched him light a cigarette, that he had just rolled. Then the fellow threw the match and tobacco sack into the river. "My last!" he exclaimed. Barney was silent.

While he smoked leisurely, the stranger made disjointed comments on his experiences while looking for work.

"Yep, I've been here for six months. Sometimes I worked; but it never lasted. I followed that bread line at Blancke's till it busted up. I went to Fr. Dempsey's; God bless him,—if there is a God,—but I'm sick of sponging on him. Now there's a strike, and maybe more coming. It is a hell of a world. They say there's work on the farms,—God, if I could only get there. But they would not want

me; I'm too weak now." Barney had been silent most of the time; merely asking an occasional question. "Buddy, you're young; if you're looking for work, I hope you find it; if you've got a home, then go back to it." He tossed the remains of the cigarette over the rail, and watched the tiny glow till it disappeared in the water. "I know; I've tried,—and I'm tired. So long, Buddy." And with that, he vaulted over the rail; there was a splash somewhere far below. Barney felt a sort of nausea creeping over him; he leaned against the rail, and fought hard to keep from fainting. Nobody noticed what had happened; there was too much noise from the passing traffic and the fellow had chosen a moment when pedestrians were scattered at that point. One man paused for a moment.

"What's the trub, sonny? Sick? He enquired kindly.

"A man just jumped over into the river."

"Another one! It does jar a fellow; but don't let it bother you." And he passed on. Barney walked to his hotel, very sick at heart. But he did not sleep that night. Those last minutes on the bridge kept recurring to his mind and in sharp contrast, incidental reminiscences of what generally took place at home at that time. The change had been too sudden.

III.

Father Flynn heartily disliked street car riding. It jostled his ideas and what was worse, it jumbled his stomach. Consequently, like many who have to attend a seance at a dentist's, he liked to get it over at once. He had been sent to preach at a church in Illinois, and though the hour was late, he refused all urgent invitations to remain over night. Even when it began to rain,—a miserable, cold drizzle, he still adhered to his decision. Wherefore, 11:30 P. M., by a most natural sequence of events, found him at the corner of Washington and 12th Streets waiting for his car home.

There were few people on the streets in that vicinity, and those few hugged the lee of every protecting doorway. It was also quiet, for the newsboys never found enough trade at that corner to make their efforts worth while. An occasional taxi with the shades drawn whirled by; and once a rather flashy couple of late pleasure seekers passed the priest,—giving him a sidelong stare as they passed. In a few minutes he spied his car coming and stepped out to take it. As

he did so, a newsy, uncommonly large for that job, ran up to him holding out a copy of the first edition of the morning paper. Father Flynn was rather surprised, but bought a paper, and prepared to get the car.

"Say Mister," began the newsy, holding out his open hand. "Look, all I've got is four cents. And I've no place to sleep tonight. Could you help me out?" Father Flynn let his car pass unheeded.

"I'm trying to sell these papers, Mister —" then as he noticed the edge of the priest's collar above his scarf, "excuse me Father, I didn't know you were a priest. I'm a stranger in town, and out of work, and I hate to beg so I tried to sell a few papers. If you could help me to get a place to sleep,—"

Father Flynn, took him by the arm and led him to shelter beneath a doorway. There he soon learned the brief intense story; the ambition to become a finished man of the city; the dislike of the farm, the attempt to find work, even the witnessing of the suicide.

"Sonny, you've lived a good deal in a short time. But if you will take my advice you will find the first train leaving town towards home, and take it. You saw only a small and not altogether flattering side of city life, but enough I am sure to demonstrate to your satisfaction, that even at its best it can't begin to compare with home. There is a place for everybody in this world, a place where we can all fulfill our destiny and be happy. I am inclined to think you will find your place is out in God's country, where work does not stunt and embitter men, and where there are no strikes nor suicides."

"You bet Father, I'm going in that direction as soon as I can scrape up the fare."

"Come on then," and taking him by the arm, the priest hailed the next street car. In ten minutes they were at the Union Station. It took but a few minutes to purchase a ticket to Summervale,—the priest would not trust the lad with money. Then they learned that the first train to stop there would not leave till four o'clock in the morning. Next they entered the restaurant where the priest spent the last of his money, except enough for car fare, on a lunch for the half starved lad.

"Now, buddy, I've got to catch the last car. Hang around till train-time and then beat it home. You've made a good try at this city game, and you need not be ashamed. But would you please give me your name and home address." He noted it in a memorandum book and turned to leave.

"Say Father, would you mind giving me yours? I would like to write to you and let you know how I make out; and besides I may need some pointers." Father Flynn scribbled his name and address on a piece of newspaper, gave it to the boy and hurried to the door. Once out of sight of the lad, he turned a corner, hurried to a telegraph station, and in a trice had a message speeding over the wires to Summervale.

It reached the humble farm house in the wee hours of the morning. Mr. Harvey had passed a sleepless night. He had begun to worry about the outcome of his experiment; and still more over the effect it was having on his wife. She had had a light burning before the Sacred Heart statue ever since the morning of her son's departure. The telegram gave him a shock that almost unnerved him. But when he had read it, he sank to his knees. After a few minutes, he began a letter to an automobile firm in Detroit. They were to deliver one of their latest cars as soon as possible.

"It's all in the attraction, I reckon," he said to himself as he sealed the envelope, "and by heck, this farm's going to be a whole lot more attractive from now on. Barney's had his lesson, I see; but, by cracky, I'm a mite wiser myself."

Then he said his prayers and went to bed.

"If we generously give up our will to the influence of the Holy Spirit, it will take away all doubting, diffidence, fear, shrinking, inconstancy, and changeableness, wherever the Will of God shall manifestly appear.

"The honest soul,—and no soul is honest without humility,—the humble soul, then, will ascend in union with the Holy Spirit above all creatures to worship God with gratitude and praise."—*Bishop Ullathorne.*

"Many a time when a man is wild with the questions, the doubts, the despairs, the uncertainties, the fears with which a view of life have surrounded him, and which are barking and baying at him, like so many dogs, he goes by an instinct of grace to the Blessed Sacrament, and in a moment, without effort on his part, all these shrill voices are silent. His Lord is with him, the waves are still, the storm is abated."—*Father Faber.*

The Mighty Lover

LETTERS FROM MARY

E. L. MATTINGLY, C. SS. R.

Having once started these letters, Mary kept very faithfully to them. They proved a wonderful means of keeping alive the noble aspirations that had sprung to life within her and of fostering her vocation.

Friday, June 18, 1920.

Dearest Elinore:

It is early yet—just sun-down, but I want to write. The Burns' left for their vacation today. I wish I was with them. Mother made some remark at dinner tonight about when I will be married and Rita today said something about when I would be engaged. Both remarks seem to create a shock. Something within whispers—Never. I look on Miss Dorney's little frivolities as so worldly, so shallow. Am I becoming narrow or is this just the outburst of an adolescent religious temperament? I think that now is the ideal time in which to foster any germ of a vocation I am lucky enough to possess. Dear Heart, how I long for the quiet seclusion of the cloister. Will I ever attain it? Only God knows and may He give me the necessary strength to leave all and follow Him while I am pure, young and innocent. If I am to make my supreme Gift to Him, I want it to be at the most perfect time in my life, I want it to be worthy of Him. Pray for me, Elinore, pray, I need it.

Do you ever long for home, family and friends? Often when I look about me, my faint, weak, human heart whispers, "It is too great a sacrifice. One more or less won't matter." It must be a wicked angel though, who would make such suggestions.

My logical reasons for thinking of taking this step are: Desire to teach; love of study and culture; desire for refined association; wish to do something of permanent value; the instilling into the minds of His little ones a great fear and a greater love of Him, and of His dear Sacred Heart.

Are these reasons human, superficial, selfish? Is the thrill I feel when L. B. H. approaches a warning that my sensual nature will not sanction my higher and holier desire? It cannot be, it *must not* be.

Many a time during the day do I send up a little cry for help to the Mother of God, My own dear Mary.

On my 21st birthday I hope to be preparing to take my white veil. I wonder if Evelyn Martin is happy? Is it usual or is it a manifestation of a Divine Call that I, at my age, feel this high, this holy, this wonderful impulse?

Lovingly,
Mary.

June 19, 1920.

Dearest Elinore:

If ever these letters are found I hope you may get to see them. The thought of my future life seems to sustain me so much. Today downtown Mother made the remark that I seemed to love little ones so much that she supposed I would end my life as a teacher. I told her that this is my intention. However, I do not want to devote my life to it as Mrs. Eddy. I do not want to teach for a mere money consideration. I want to accomplish something for the Master's Kingdom and I cannot do too much for Him.

I look at society girls in their limousines, at these young men of the best families who so often come into the office, at women like Mrs. Burns, at men like Fred Hamilton, at those who are still climbing and at those who have made their fortunes. There seems to be an unsatisfied longing, a desire for some one thing. What is it? Was your face ever thus? What are such material things, clothes, food and amusement, pleasures of the flesh? They are passing, transient, soon forgotten. Everything in the world is so shallow, appealing to the *sensuous*. Elinore, do I take the wrong view? Is my nature too critical to be of use in community life?

I can picture, as I work over my typewriter, myself as I shall tell Mr. Burns that I wish to leave his employ within a month to enter some holy order. Rita will be glad. Alice and Miss Sander will not be able to understand; Hedwig will wonder and then probably smile. The rest will deride. However, I don't think I shall let anyone except my own immediate family know of my intentions. Even as you did, Elinore. Is this desire of mine only another form of heroine worship or is it the real thing? Am I thirteen again? One thing I know, I shall see Madeline and Olga before I leave for good. How I long to confide this desire of mine to my Madeline! Whatever came between us I do not know.

I wish I had enough of the quality of sacrifice of self to be able to leave all to go to the Island of Molakai to nurse the lepers. I can think of no greater sacrifice for love of Him. May I have one more in keeping with my strength. Dear Elinore, I feel as if you can feel, as if you know of my nightly letters to you. Tomorrow I will pay Our Lord a visit. How many do you give him each day?

Love,

Mary.

Sunday, June 20, 1920.

Dearest Elinore:

I visited Our Lord today, dearest, from 10 until 12. He seems to speak to assure me that He wanted me. Father spoke so beautifully about fostering vocations among the young, the sisters looked so beautiful, so quiet, so happy and contented, that I left church in an exalted mood. I have definitely decided that if I still feel as I do now, that I shall tell Mother and Father of my intention on my 18th birthday and if possible, I shall be preparing at this time next year to go away to consecrate my life to God to labor in His vineyard teaching His little ones.

As the days pass, my desire grows more ardent. I think of it constantly. Last night I dropped to sleep while saying my beads. I feel so happy now and pray and hope that I shall persevere in this. Isn't it strange through what idealistic stages we pass? Did you ever dream of being some leading society matron or were you always attracted by the religious life? Business, society, the scholar's life have all attracted me. But the first is too material, too earthly,—society too shallow, too false and sensual,—in learning one must specialize in one branch and often know nothing else. I want to learn of the highest branch of all—of what is beyond this earthly existence, of God's love, His mercy and His power.

It seems too sweet to be true. To think that I may be one of His chosen ones. To have Him to cherish as a Lover—the beauty and wonder of it thrills me. God grant that it is right for me to think of spending my life with Him. I know, "I am not worthy." I just read a beautiful article in Oct., 1919, Messenger today. It was called "Who are the Noblest Women?" It fits my case exactly. I seem to find in all my spiritual reading a deeper meaning, an elusive yet satisfying sweetness.

I often look at that clipping and picture of you, Elinore. It is a

beacon light. I wonder if you will ever realize the far-reaching effect your self-renunciation had. I intend that some day you shall know. Perhaps at the feet of Christ we shall meet, you to hear from His own dear lips that little story interspersed with words of burning love. I hope that I may some day hear something similar to it myself. I will hear them if I but exhibit your love and devotion to His Sacred Heart.

Lovingly,

Mary.

Monday, June 21, 1920.

Elinore Dearest:

I am going to be a sister. I am so happy now that I have made up my mind. I shall teach and shall be shielded from all the horridness and sordidness of this world. O dear, I am so happy. Pray that it will continue so. I do not think that I will give myself nearly four months until Oct. 11 to tell Mother. I can hardly keep it in, the way it is now. However, I will make myself wait for two more months until August 15—the Feast of the Assumption, Grandma's birthday, the feast of my own dear Mary.

I wonder if Grandma knows of my intention. If so, I am sure she will be happy as Mother will be when she knows. Daddy will be a bit dazed. He and I have been planning my career ever since I could see "the hole in the wall"; but I am sure that in the end he will consider it best. Oh, Elinore, if this sweet content stays I know I shall be happy in the life that God has chosen for me. I shall teach and I shall learn. All my spare time I will devote to prayers, but most of all I want to come into intimate contact with little children. I want to be as pure, as sweet and as innocent as they. For unless we are as little children we cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Ragtime music sounds harsh, coarse and vulgar to my ears. It lacks the depth, the sweetness and soothing qualities of our beautiful hymns. I read "The Flirt" by Tarkington, Friday and Saturday and was thoroughly disgusted. At another time in my life it might have satisfied, but not now. If only I had access to a Catholic library or had a volume of "The Lives of the Saints" that I might read. I think the Seven Penitential Psalms of David just beautiful. I wish Sunday were here again.

I believe I shall go up to St. Mary Magdalene's tomorrow noon. A little visit there such as I paid the Blessed Sacrament during Lent will help me. Even now my happiness seems great. And it can be

but a foretaste of what I may some day enjoy. This all comes from that wonderful Mission I made last fall and your decision to become a nun of the Sacred Heart. I think of you often, Elinore, many more times, I believe, than your society friends. The world is too much with them, as Wordsworth says.

Happily,
Mary.

The next few days elapsed without any letters. Evidently it was only because she was too much occupied with her work and duties at home. For she again resumes her letters, under the impulse of the great ideal that had captivated her.

Wed., July 1, 1920.

Dear Elinore:

Forgive my silence. You and my vocation have never been out of my mind. It is a moral struggle that is going on but one I am sure that He will help me win. I have told Hedwig. My confiding nature would not tolerate a secret. She could not understand but nevertheless declared that she thought your vocation a wonderful thing. I dread telling Papa,—more Mama. She suspects it already.

I am sure I long for the quiet, the peace and the sacrifice of your life. I have read "The Conventual Life", and am sure that God is calling me. Teaching will be my work for Him. How I wish that day was here. I want to keep it a secret until August 15, the Feast of the Assumption of Mary. It must be a day of great rejoicing for her, for Grandma Mary in Heaven, for my own Mother and family and for myself, another Mary.

It seems now as if it is the only life in which I shall ever be happy. I am weak, I shrink from any sacrifice. Is that human weakness or may it forever debar me from entering His service? I should like to leave soon after Christmas—about New Year—for some convent. May that fact bless the year 1921 and make it bear fruit for me. Eighteen is not too early an age to enter God's service, is it? From the stories of Saints I have been reading, my decision is rather mature. But then I never will be privileged to be one of them. I can only be an imitator.

You understand do you not? How I wish I might see you to talk with you on this subject. It is so perplexing. I know what is right, what is the ideal thing for me to do. I must summon my courage and pray to Him for strength. I was with Him for two hours Sunday

and visited Him at St. Mary Magdalene's last week. Each time I prayed for guidance. To-morrow evening I shall spend one happy Holy Hour with Him. How I look forward to it. Oh that I might be with Him even more. I am going to soon resume my noon day visits. When will your joy be mine? Soon, very soon, I hope to be with Dearest Jesus and His Blessed Mother. The thought of never leaving them fills me with joy and a holy content.

Pray for me constantly, Elinore. You are my confidante.

Yours,
Mary.

(To be continued)

LEST WE FORGET

Where are you going to send John or his sister Margaret? Have you asked the question already and tried to answer it?

There are high schools and academies and finishing schools everywhere; the advertisements of them are beginning to appear in the so-called educational numbers of the various daily papers as the beginning of the new school year draws on.

In Catholic weekly or monthly papers and magazines are lists of Catholic schools and colleges; your Pastor can offer you an even more complete list from the directory of Catholic Schools recently published.

Do not be misled in your choice of a school for your boy or girl by any ad, by any bid of fashion or social prominence, or in fact, by any earthly motive whatever.

Let one motive predominate: the real good of your child. Do not be satisfied with anything but the best school. The best school will be a Catholic School.

You may have reason to believe
That everything is wrong,
But don't let other men perceive
Your visage when it's long;
Learn all the cheering news you can,
And wear a smile that's wide,
For luck slips in to aid the man
Who parks his grouch outside.

The Circle of Red

CHAPTER II

THE DARK HAired GIRL

J. R. MELVIN, C. SS. R.

Down the corridor dashed the detective, Buster, who had risen to his feet, stood for a moment in surprise and then followed him. He was just in time to see his friend beating madly at the door of an elevator which shot downward, whilst the whilom Subway guard darted madly down the nearest stairway.

Ryan for a moment was tempted to follow, then thought better of his resolve and returned to the room they had so suddenly vacated. He closed the door, relit his cigar which had gone out, and settled himself comfortably in his chair. He tried to interest himself in the evening paper which his companion had left on the table but he could not turn his mind from the exciting happenings of the day.

He was musing on these events when his gaze was attracted to the door. An envelope was being thrust under the door and into the room. Ryan jumped to his feet and sprang to the door. No one was there but in the doorway of the room opposite stood framed one of the most beautiful girls Ryan had ever seen. Tall and willowy of form, her long black hair was coiled in masses under a dark blue turban. She was apparently just entering the room. She turned her brilliant brown eyes on Ryan, smiled tantalizingly and closed the door behind her.

Ryan stood for a moment puzzled. Had she been the person who had placed the envelope under the door? It hardly seemed possible—so cool and unflinching had been her look of unconcern. Yet it was impossible for another to have been in the corridor and to have entered any other room except hers before he had reached the door. He had resolved to knock on the door and ask politely if she had seen any one at the door when he was halted by the return of his erstwhile companion and rescuer.

The latter motioned him silently to his room. Ryan entered and—— closed the door. He was evidently much upset and in haste.

"Quick!" said he to Ryan. "Change into the sailor's uniform you will find in the bedroom and come with me at once. Not a word. Our lives depend upon it." All this he had uttered in a hoarse whisper.

Ryan entered the bedroom, found the uniform spoken of by his companion and quickly donned it. He returned to find his companion holding the envelope which had been thrust under the door.

"Where did this come from?" he inquired in a whisper.

"It was thrust under the door while I sat reading," whispered Ryan in reply; "but I could not see who did it. No one was in the corridor when I got to the door except a young woman in the room opposite."

"Tall and dark? black hair?" inquired the detective—tensely. "Yes," said Ryan. "Do you know her?"

"Never mind now!" said his companion. "Just follow me and be sure you make no noise." So saying he opened the window noiselessly and crawled out upon the fire escape.

Ryan followed—closing the window behind him at a sign from his companion. He looked below and found that they were in the rear of the Hotel facing towards Broadway. Two or three stories were descended in silence. Then his companion lifted a window and crept into a room. When Ryan had entered the detective closed the window and sat down.

"Now listen and listen hard for about ten minutes," was his whispered injunction. "Follow my instructions carefully or I'll warrant you'll find yourself in more excitement in the next two hours than the world war gave you."

"Go ahead, shoot!" said Ryan. "I'm dying of curiosity. Who are you anyway and why on earth all this mystery?"

"To begin with let me introduce myself properly. My name—the real name I mean is Goggin. I am a city detective assigned to the bomb squad."

"In other words you are a Bolshevik hunter," said Ryan.

"You might put it that way," said Goggin. "But for the past twenty-four hours the Bolsheviks have been hunting me. I might say also they are hot on the trail."

"But why should they drag me into it?" queried Ryan. "From what you said before we were interrupted upstairs they may have taken me for you. But a little while ago you said or hinted that both our lives were in danger."

"They mistook you for me this afternoon all right. But now they're puzzled. They think there are two of us. In fact they know only one thing and that is that I am after them and have something

on them. So they're going to get me and whoever is with me. . . . Look at this!" And Goggin took from his pocket the envelope Ryan had seen thrust under the door and tossed it to Buster.

The latter opened it. Typewritten were a few words: "Goggin—we warned you often enough. Now we act. Death tonight." Beneath was a circle of Red crudely drawn with a wax pencil crayon.

"Plain enough! but who sent it?" said Buster.

"I know well enough—but I haven't all the details,—that is not yet," said Goggin coolly. "Two of the gang are the two who pushed you off the subway platform today thinking they had me. But they are only small fry—the leaders are still at large and until I catch them with the goods on—they are a menace not only to me but to the safety of this city."

"Sounds big!" quoth Ryan; "tell us some more!"

"Before I tell you more I want to know where you stand?" said Goggin. "Those citation bars on your uniform show you have nerve. I think you have brains too."

"Thanks!" said Ryan grinning, with mock modesty.

"If I have judged you right,—you are with Uncle Sam to the limit?" said Goggin.

"You said it!" replied Ryan, "and I have no sympathy with those fellows who are continually talking about the U. S. A. going to the dogs. I've been on the other side, seen Germany, France, Switzerland and a lot of other places and believe me, America is the best of them all."

"You have a chance to prove your love then. The Circle of Red you see signed there is the trade mark of the worst gang of anarchists that ever threw a bomb or shot a man in the back. I've been on their trail now for two years—managed to get some of the smaller fry but never really managed to get one of the leaders yet. However I think I have the goods on them now. The trouble is that they know it. Just now there are six of them in or around this hotel. The room above is watched and every entrance. The dame you saw is one of their leaders."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Ryan. "She looks too good and sweet for that."

Goggin smiled. "Don't judge a book by its cover!" said he. "But let that pass. Now here's the main point of the story. Do you know you are in appearance almost a ringer for me?"

"I must be, if they tried to push me off the subway thinking it was you," said Ryan.

"You are so like me that they hardly know the difference. You are younger—but your army life has made you seem older than you really are. Your resemblance to me can be of great service to me and to the government. Will you take my place and be Tom Goggin for Forty-eight Hours?"

"I don't quite get you," said Buster; "but if I can help, I'm game. I owe my life to you."

"And I will owe mine to you if you succeed," said Goggin. "It is important that I have a free hand in trailing these people for the next two days. You take my place—report to me at times and places I suggest. Keep your eyes open and your wits about you and if you are alive in forty-eight hours your work is done."

"Sounds pleasant doesn't it? But I'm game," said Ryan. "When do I begin?"

"Immediately" said Goggin. "I want you to go boldly out of this room, and down to the street. You will be trailed, so be careful. Here is a revolver in case you are close pressed. Don't shoot unless you have to."

"Hey, suppose a cop finds me with this gat?" said Ryan.

"This will protect you," answered Goggin, handing him a shield of the Department. "This doesn't make you a cop, but it lets others know you are on duty."

"And where do I go from here?" asked Buster.

"When you leave the hotel,—go uptown first to Seventy-Second Street and Broadway. Take a bus across the park—then go by the Third Avenue L to Chatam Square. Get off there and walk through Cherry Street. After that go anywhere you please,—but that route I am expected to take. I'll meet you in the morning if you are still alive, at the statue of Civic Virtue in City Hall Park."

"Well," said Ryan, "you said haste was necessary. So here we go!" And gripping his companion's hand silently, he opened the door and made his way into the corridor.

He walked boldly to the elevator,—rang the bell and entered a descending car. To his surprise, the only other passenger was a woman,—the woman he had seen at the time the mysterious message had been placed in the room.

(To be continued)

Mary Stuart

HER FAITH AND POLITICS

C. B. OF THE C. V.

The chapter on Queen Mary Stuart (1561-1587) in Father Pollen's valuable treatise on the Counter-Reformation in Scotland contains interesting references to the influence she had on the fate of Catholicism in the country named in the title of the book, but recently published.

The Reformation was in full swing when she attained to the crown, coming to the country, whose Queen she was, from France. Practically all the leading men of the ancient Faith had deserted it; the Bishops had retired into private life, and not one of them could, a few years later, be induced to go to Trent to attend the great Council. The support of English gold and English arms had assisted the enemies of the old Church to triumph, as they were to continue to do.

These were the conditions in Scotland when Mary landed on the 19th of August, 1561, not yet 19 years of age, and with no intention of a Counter-Reformation in her mind. And how could it be otherwise? She came from a court which was, on the one hand, sincerely Catholic, "but on the other politique in the bad sense and to a discreditable degree." It was the ally of German heretics and sometimes even of Turkish invaders, and did not scruple to use Huguenot ministers and troops even in France. It is not to be wondered at that Mary Stuart did not become a champion of the Counter-Reformation. But in spite of these facts she did assist Catholicism to maintain, and even increase the hold it still had on Scotland.

The young Queen pledged herself not to disturb religion as she had found it. And this was accepted as satisfactory by both sides. While she frequently and (as the sequel showed) truly showed herself ready rather to die than to forsake the Catholic Faith, the pledge, which was also faithfully observed by her, shows that she did not consider herself a missionary. "She was neither a cleric nor a preacher, says Fr. Pollen, "but a Catholic politician. Pacification was the object for which she worked, and even from the point of view of a Catholic missionary, peace was a matter of prime necessity." It was only near the close of her life that she even in passing asked for priests to be sent to Scotland; a matter well within the terms of her pledges.

The result of this policy was that, though she was not understood to be a protagonist of the Counter-Reformation (except, of course, by the extremists) she did succeed in maintaining for Scotland that position towards Catholicism which the Kingdom had occupied at her coming. And Scotland was still the pivot, round which the fortunes of Catholicism in the British islands revolved. "If freedom or even toleration could have been won there," Fr. Pollen writes, "it would have followed not only in England, but in Ireland and Wales." That this was not achieved is due chiefly to the instability arising from the Queen's position, her advisers and her sex.

"Every man at her Court," thus the author of the paper on the Counter-Reformation in Scotland sums up the situation, "was either an apostate from her religion or at best a timeserver to such apostates. She reigned, but the Protestant party ruled, with English arms and money behind them." It was therefore, that when the days of her great trials came, Mary was forced to rely on advisers who had neither her interests nor the interest of the Church at heart. "Lean upon someone she must," Fr. Pollen writes, "and having none about her who could advise her according to her conscience, her affectionate impulses went out more and more towards Protestants of vigor, who were the reverse of trustworthy." But in spite of everything that has been said, the fortunes of Catholicism were progressively improving during her reign, though her actual assistance was, not only within the letter of the new laws, but in its manner also peaceful and reassuring.

"Possibly she did little more than protect here and there some priest or Catholic from injury or death, the historian reports. "She built no school, no chapel, she gave no letters of protection to missionaries, she patronized no disputations. Probably she was even sometimes carried by her fanatical ministers, whose informations and measures she had no means of controlling, into unjust acts, injurious to her co-religionists * * * Still, all things considered, her policy was in general excellent. She fostered peace and patience, which were what Scotland most of all needed, to curb the fury of the religious zealots, and the quarrelsomeness of the nobles."

However excellent her policy may have been in this one respect, yet it cannot be described as a policy of religious revival, as Fr. Pollen is forced to acknowledge. Such a revival might have grown up under it, and it actually began, though Mary did not actively encour-

age it. During the last years of her life, however, she was to do religion a service by her firmness. Fr. Pollen is of the opinion that "very little laxity of principle would have won for her freedom and power." "Her years of constancy, says the writer, "awoke the veneration, and enkindled the courage of Catholics in England no less than in Scotland." And when Walsingham by his agents had succeeded in entangling her in the Babington plot, and so managed to take her life, it was "her magnificent courage, contrasted with the fanaticism of her opponents, that convinced thousands that she had died the death of a martyr."

Thus her death cut two ways. On the one hand it encouraged her co-religionists to constancy, and it strongly excited all loyal Scots to seek revenge on the vile and unworthy machinations of the English Court. But on the other hand, the only royal upholder of Catholicism was gone; and such a loss was most grave in those days. The rally in her favor, although it was really strong, did not, therefore, obtain its object. "No one took Mary's place, the fortunes of Catholicism declined more and more," thus closes the chapter on Mary Stuart in Father Pollen's interesting contribution to the history of the Counter-Reformation in Scotland.

Work for Jesus! Yes, though the weary head may ache, and the tired brain refuse to act. Work on, work on; the years slip by and soon the hours of toil will cease forever. Work for Jesus! How sweet the words! Not one effort escapes His watchful eye and He will reward you with a joy unknown for what you suffer now.

"Give me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up when others weaken; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such words as, 'can't' or 'give up'; and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles confront him."

He who communicates frequently easily understands that receiving much, he owes much in return. It is intelligent, reasonable piety, a filial and devoted virtue. Communion makes one happy amid the greatest trials, happy with a sweet and true happiness.

Catholic Anecdotes

"I WILL"

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone Rover.

"I will try, General!"

"Will you hold this fort?"

"I will die in the attempt."

"That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me, will you hold this position?"

"I will," said General Pierce, and he did.

Note how General Rosecrans refused to accept "I will try", or even a promise to "die in the attempt", as a satisfactory answer to his question. What he was after was the "I will". Note also the form of his question: "Will you?" not "Will you try?"

Beware of the "I will try" frame of mind. It is not very far removed from the "I can't" attitude. Cultivate the "I will" habit. Ask yourself each morning: "Will I make good today?" And let your answer be, "I will."

How about that bad habit of yours?

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

As showing the power of example, and illustrating how the Faith is spread by simply living up to it, we gladly quote the following letter from "a grateful convert" to the reverend editor of the Brooklyn Tablet:

"Your readers may be interested in the story of the conversion to the Catholic Faith, though there is nothing unique or sensational about it. Three years ago I was, not only not a Catholic, but a bitter anti-Catholic. I had been brought up in a section of the country where Catholics were few in number. Bigotry and prejudice were the breath of my nostrils. Nothing was too bad for me to believe of the Church; for I was living in an atmosphere of hatred towards all things Catho-

lic. As I look back now, I wonder why it never occurred to me to question the truth of the stories I heard about priests, nuns, etc. But, as a matter of fact, such a thought never came to me. . . . My mind was simply closed tight to logic and fairness where the Catholic Church was concerned.

"Circumstances forced me to change my position, and I found myself in a large office in which a number of Catholic young ladies were employed. Their dress, conversation and general deportment were so dignified and modest that I could not but be impressed. They freely discussed their religion, speaking of going to Mass on holidays, to confession, of fasting and abstaining, etc. By accident I noticed many of them going into St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street, spending the greater part of their lunch hour in prayer. Suddenly, by the grace of God, I now think, I became curious to discover just what it was in the Catholic religion that could exercise such an influence upon those who believed in it. I inquired, listened to sermons, read Catholic books, and received the gift of faith.

"I attribute my being a Catholic today to the example of the Catholic girls who were, unconsciously perhaps, real apostles by their Catholic actions."

We are hoping that this letter will have a very wide reading, comments the Ave Maria. It will be with the effect of an exceptionally practical sermon.

FALSE ESTIMATES OF VALUES

When I was a child, says Dr. Franklin, my friends, on a holiday, filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle in the hands of another boy whom I met by the way, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impressions continuing on my mind; so, often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle!" As I grew up, came into the world,

and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with very many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one, too ambitious to court favors, wasting his time in attendance at levees, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue and perhaps his friends, I said to myself: "This man gives too much for his whistle." When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, I said: "He pays, indeed, too much for his whistle."

I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you, indeed, pay too much for your whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind, of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in the pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain instead of pleasure for yourself: you give too much for the whistle."

LONG MASSES AND SHORT

A rather good little story is told of an eighteenth century Bishop and a lady who had complained to him about the excessive length of the Sunday Mass in her parish. The Bishop listened patiently to all she had to say, then replied: "Madam, I fear it is not the Mass that is too long, but your devotion that is too short."

There are three D's which you ought to avoid," wrote Father Doyle, S. J., "the Doctor, the Devil and the Dumps. You can cheat the Doctor and run from the devil, but the Dumps are the 'devil himself'."

In darkness and dryness, when weariness and disgust come on you, when the thousand petty worries of every day crowd upon you, sursum corda! raise your eyes with a glad smile to the face of Jesus, for all is well and He is sanctifying you.

Pointed Paragraphs

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A few months ago, there was a sort of minor immigration of European notables to America. After a more or less prolonged tour of the country, they returned to their home countries and presented the world with their own peculiar "impressions" of America. One of these was quoted as saying that Americans were great lovers of public addresses and lectures, no matter how heavy or long drawn out. Like most of the other "impressions" this comment if exact, admits of a generous amount of the saline treatment. And yet, if the quantity of periodical literature given to the discussion of social, political and religious problems argues anything, "there must be something to it;" the something being that people want information and want it very much, and they want it above all to be reliable.

But these problems depend for their clear understanding as well as their practical solution on principles of Catholic philosophy and Catholic ethics.

What then of the Catholic who will load his library or living-room table with all kinds of ephemeral literary "junk" while the Catholic paper and the Catholic magazine go by his door abegging?

THE RADIO BUG

There are many of them, myriads of them; peculiar to no particular climate, indigenous everywhere. Some of them are well advanced in years, others far below the voting age; some are equipped with the latest and most expensive receiving sets, others, and probably the great majority take pride in a more or less clumsy home-made crystal detector outfit. And the object is the same, the source of interest identical; to be able to "tune in" on the various concerts, lectures and reports broadcasted daily from scores of stations throughout the country.

And there lies the secret of success in the art,—the "tuning in".

The instruments must be adjusted carefully; every detail in the mechanism must be carefully tested to prevent as much as possible the annoying "static interference". It takes hours of intensive work and study; but the first dim message to strike in the receivers brings more than satisfactory reward.

And yet, a more delicate receiving set is in the possession;—and its adjustment is well within the power of everyone, young or old; and its resulting messages are of infinitely greater value and interest. The few who use it have spread their knowledge far and wide; yet it too often remains unknown. It is the soul of man, capable of receiving the inspirations of God's grace when it is "tuned in" by devout prayer and the "static interference of distraction, wilful distractions have been removed. Five hundred thousand "radio bugs" daily search the air for messages of human invention; how many, or mayhap, how few think of "tuning in" their souls to receive God's message in daily prayer?

ENDLESS SUSPICIONS

Apparently nothing can kill the suspicions with which some regard all actions of Catholics. The first American to die for our Flag in the late war was a Catholic; that, I suppose, served him right! We had proportionately far more Catholic boys in the service than our numbers would have demanded: but that, no doubt, only proves that we were trying to gain control of the army! It is an organization of Catholics that is endeavoring to preserve American history and American ideas from British tampering: that, of course, only suggests that we are trying to sell the country to the Pope! And so on. Every argument and every proof turns yellow under the yellow glasses of suspicion.

These thoughts are called to mind by the announcement of a new organization just now forming in New York and aiming at nationwide proportions. "That is probably the biggest movement since the days of Martin Luther," declares its President. Its program is:

"This organization proposes to establish a research bureau to examine every charge against the Papacy. Then the results of such research will be presented to our executive committee, and that committee will formulate plans to meet each emergency by the use of

pitiless publicity, of public mass meetings, the circulation of literature, and other means of arousing the public to their peril . . .

"We will fight Papal Rome and its hierarchy in its attempt to encroach on American institutions,—for instance, in its attempt to destroy the American public school system in the interest of its parochial schools, where Papal religious and political teaching is given."

One of the pledges taken by the members reads:

"I am willing to pledge myself to use my influence to get a bill passed in our State Legislature to compel the attendance of every child at the public school up to the eighth grade.

"I am willing to use my influence in favor of the Towner-Sterling Education Bill."

And to this program some of the most prominent Protestant Ministers of our Eastern States have subscribed.

THERE WAS A GREAT MULTITUDE

Reading the Gospel of the Sixth Sunday after Pentecost to a good-sized congregation,—the second for that day,—in a small town, I felt that it had a special application there.

There were not four thousand men in the crowd as in the multitude that followed Our Saviour in the Gospel; but there seemed to be present almost everybody in the place.

They were not in need, perhaps, not in want of bread as were the Jews who remained with Our Lord for three consecutive days; there was no danger of their fainting in the way. But deep down in the hearts of this people there was no doubt many an unfulfilled longing, there was some need, some heart-hunger.

They did not see Our Saviour face to face as did the Jews; they could not see that countenance full of divine majesty at once and tender love, nor hear the accents of that voice that rang with authority at once and divine compassion. But they believed, they knew, and possibly they felt the Presence of that same Saviour in all reality hidden within the tabernacle.

They had not come into the desert, as had the Jews. But they came from summer cottages and vacation outings that lured them to their own ease and convenience and pleasure, to kneel in adoration during the Mass. They brought, I believe, the great sacrifice.

All praise to the faithful congregation! They live up to their convictions and set the world an example of fidelity to duty. They make the non-Catholic wonder at the power of the Mass, and possibly make many a one to think of its hidden meaning and truth.

There was one contrast, however. Our Lord's multitude was counted by the men, no doubt because they were so conspicuous by their earnestness and number; as I looked over my congregation, I found the men comparatively few. I suppose only the women were on vacation, or possibly, the men were at home preparing the dinner.

HOW SHALL WE CONVINCE THEM?

Various competitions all over the United States, competitions in which Catholic parochial schools have figured alongside of public schools, have revealed to any impartial critic the perfect equality in every way,—if not superiority in many ways,—of the pupils of the Catholic schools. These are facts.

What then must we think, when we hear a professor at a State University, in a public lecture attended by some of our Catholic school sisters, wax warm and give utterance to an absolutely unwarranted and insulting suspicion against our schools? Thus one of them declared:

"If in private and parochial schools pupils are not given all that the public schools give,—if in these schools the children are not educated for true American citizenship,—then, I say, down with the parochial school!"

This is simply poisoning the wells. This is unpardonable in a man of science who usually boasts in believing nothing except what is vouched for by facts.

Perhaps the only explanation is, that groundless suspicions are incapable of being removed because there is no reason to meet them; just as medicine cannot cure a disease that exists in the imagination alone.

An army that refuses to accept defeat is not defeated, and if it continues to refuse to accept defeat it is victorious to the end. So wrote Marshall Foch. And the same words hold of the warfare of life.

Catholic Events

At the recent convention of the Catholic Educational Association held in Philadelphia, the secretary general, Rt. Rev. F. W. Howard, gave a summary review of Catholic educational conditions. In regard to schools, he made the following encouraging statement:

"There is at the present time a very favorable Catholic opinion in support of the educational work of the Church in this country. We all remember the urging, the insistence and the expostulation that was necessary some years ago to require many parents to give their children a Catholic education in Catholic schools and colleges. There has been no change in the legislation of the Church on this vital matter, but today we find that the Catholic people are urgent in their desire and insistent in their demand that their children be given the benefits of a Catholic school education, and our difficulty is to develop our educational work to meet the requirements of our growing parishes."

* * *

This is particularly encouraging in view of the storms gathering about our school system in various places. In Michigan where the attempt to destroy our schools was renewed this year, the hostile movement was decisively defeated, so that the proposed measure will not come to the ballot. In Oregon, the opposition was more successful, owing to the combination of Masonic orders and Ku Klux Klan, and the destructive school bill will be submitted to the ballot in November.

Another school fight is being brought about in Oklahoma, by the Oklahoma Americanization Society with Masonic co-operation. All the old calumnies are trumped up. There are more than forty parochial schools in Oklahoma, with an attendance of about 8,000 pupils, including about 700 Indians. The Catholic population is but 57,000 in a total of more than 2,000,000.

* * *

The Holy Father, on July 18, received in audience President Alvear of Argentina, South America. Motor cars bearing the Papal crest and flying the Papal colors conveyed Dr. Alvear from the Argentine Legation to the Vatican. The President of Peru has conferred on Cardinal Gasparri the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sun, as representative of the Pope. A mission to represent the Holy See will be sent to the celebration of the centenary of independence of Brazil.

* * *

Under the title: "A Bill to Europeanize Our Public Schools," the Boston *Transcript* publishes editorially a scathing denunciation of the Towner-Sterling Education Bill, and a rebuke to the National Educational Association that again endorsed the measure at its recent convention.

The writer of the editorial takes as his text the following extract from John Fiske's "Critical Period of American History":

"If the day should ever arrive (which God forbid) when the people of the different parts of our country should allow their local affairs to be administered from Washington—on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end, and the hopes that have been built upon it for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever."

And then declares: "It is a bill to Europeanize the educational system of the United States, to scrap the free school system of the several states and substitute in its place a Federal System of education, subsidized from Washington, regulated from Washington, and all in imitation of the imperialistic methods of the Old World."

* * *

This is possibly why the Seventh Day Adventists of America are getting busy in South America, maligning the Pope and Catholics in an effort to win South Americans from their allegiance to the Faith. They are flooding Argentina with malicious literature. They are undertaking a similar campaign in Southern Africa.

* * *

The Very Rev. J. M. Ripple, National Director of the Holy Name Society in the United States, has been summoned to Rome for a second time, for an audience with the Holy Father. It is understood that the Holy Father wishes to go over personally with him the memorial presented the Pope on his birthday by the Holy Name Societies. It was a collection of pictures of thousands of Holy Name men who went to Communion for the Pope on that day.

* * *

Before Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland left Rome, after his recent visit in the interests of the National Catholic Welfare Council, he was received in special audience by His Holiness, the Pope. The Holy Father said:

"Tell the Bishops, one and all, that the Holy Father loves them and blesses them and their work and that further he blesses their annual meeting and the National Catholic Welfare Council."

According to a previous report, the Holy Father wished the constitution of the National Catholic Welfare Council to undergo some changes.

* * *

The fire, started by the recent battling in O'Connell St., Dublin, caused a loss of approximately \$200,000 to the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. The press comments that the withdrawal of this source of Catholic literature is a national calamity.

* * *

One of the largest meetings ever held in Cathedral Hall in Seattle, Wash., was that arranged by the Holy Name Societies of the diocese, in honor of Rear Admiral William S. Benson, who had been invited by Bishop O'Dea to address the Catholic men of Seattle. The Admiral made a strong plea for organization. He referred to the forces of bigotry and irreligion.

"Against these insidious foes who menace the very Constitution of the Republic, and in the interest of the State as well as of Religion,

it is necessary for us to realize that we have civic responsibilities and mutual interests, and the only way we can meet these obligations and safeguard our rights is by organization."

* * *

Two prominent Catholic clerics attended a meeting held recently in the English House of Commons, when clergy of all denominations gathered to discuss with members of that body the revision of the existing law whereby Catholic priests as well as clergymen of the Church of England and ordained Ministers of the Free Churches, are disqualified from membership in the lower branch of the House of Parliament.

* * *

A Catholic College for young women is to be built in Sioux City, Ia. Bishop Heelan has purchased a tract of 70 acres known as Briar Cliff. The college to be established will be similar to Trinity College for young men.

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Some Good Books

The Jesuits. A History of the Society of Jesus from its Foundation (1534) to the Present Time (1921). By Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. Published by the Encyclopedia Press, New York.

The followers of St. Ignatius have written on every conceivable subject, and with a thoroughness and exhaustiveness that leaves little to be desired. Yet, strange to say, no Jesuit has thus far ever written a complete and adequate history of the Society. Attempts have been made, but these were either never brought to completion, or were too small and congested to be satisfactory to the average reader. Considerations such as these led Father Campbell to undertake a complete history of the Society that would be at once satisfying and readable.

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The book is presented in beautiful binding and form, so that it will make a welcome gift book.

it is necessary for us to realize that we have civic responsibilities and mutual interests, and the only way we can meet these obligations and safeguard our rights is by organization."

* * *

Two prominent Catholic clerics attended a meeting held recently in the English House of Commons, when clergy of all denominations gathered to discuss with members of that body the revision of the existing law whereby Catholic priests as well as clergymen of the Church of England and ordained Ministers of the Free Churches, are disqualified from membership in the lower branch of the House of Parliament.

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Lucid Intervals

A country girl was home from college for the Christmas holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the events she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation she held it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't this perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then he turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm!"

Johnny: "The camel can go eight days without water."

Freddy: "So could I if Ma would let me."

The callous editor, into whose presence the aspiring humorist had forced his way, handed back the latest batch of laugh-inspiring offerings.

"You editors," remarked the joke artist, take life too darn seriously."

"On the contrary," chortled the editor. "I could take yours with positive glee."

Baffled, the funny man went to the next place.

A guest hurried up to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes to pay his bill, reach the station and board his train.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room—No. 427— and see if I left my pajamas and shaving kit. Hurry, I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. In four minutes he returned out of breath.

"Yes, sir, he panted. "You left them."

A lawyer was cross-examining an old foreigner about the position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction had occurred.

"And now," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run?"

"How the stairs run?" he queried at length.

"Yes," repeated the lawyer, "how do the stairs run?" My words are simple enough."

"Vell, sir," answered the witness, "ven I am opp ze stairs they run down, and ven I am down ze stairs they run opp."

Just as the guards were leading his client away, the lawyer stopped and shook hands sadly with the recent defendant.

"I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you, old man," he apologized.

"Don't mention it, sir," replied the prisoner politely. "Ain't five years enough?"

A reporter was misinformed, and the obituary of a live man appeared in the Daily Tribune. Of course, the man was more or less indignant about the error, and rushing to the phone, called the editor. "I see in your dirty old sheet that I am dead," he snorted.

"Yes," replied the editor "Where are you speaking from?"

An American would find humor in his own funeral.

Here's a joke a gentleman is telling.

A retailer sent a rush telegram to a manufacturer reading, "Cancel my order at once."

An hour or so later he got this answer: "A lot of people ahead of you. You must take your turn."

A colored revival was in full blast, and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously.

"Look what de Lawd's done fo' you-all, bredren!" he shouted. "Give Him a portion of all you has. Give Him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"

"Amen," yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory to de Lawd! Give Him mo'. Give Him a twentieth!"

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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